


unworthy uses; my name you dishonored by a well-contrived report, that I had perished in a loathsome intrigue.— Be this my only revenge. You shall retire within twenty-four hours to the estate our father possessed at the Pass of St. Joseph, near the city of —, which property, together with ten thousand Mexicanoes, shall be yours, on condition that you turn an honest man, and remain so, I will myself occupy the palace, and my private fortune shall be the dowry which my sweet little niece shall carry to her husband."

After this amicable adjustment of a family quarrel, they all returned to the Tobasco palace, and spent the night in feasting. The events predicted by Juan had actually taken place: the palace was tenanted by his retainers.— Within ten days Captain Boswell and his wife set out for Vera Cruz, and at that port embarked for England. Arrived safely, he purchased a beautiful villa with extensive grounds, in Cambridgeshire, and at the time I visited him, was so busy in improving them that he had no time for anything, save to relate the foregoing Mexican adventure.

A DOG STORY.

 BRUSSELS paper states that a nobleman lately, for a large wager, rode round the whole boulevard of that city in a light two-wheeled carriage, drawn by eighteen small Scotch terriers, harnessed six abreast. He drove them with whip and reins at full speed, followed by all the fashionable and sporting men of the city, accomplishing the task in thirty-three minutes. After it was over, the charioteer coolly released the dogs from their harness, wrapped each of them in a small blanket, and carefully laid them in his own carriage, into which one of his grooms also stepped, and returned with them to his lordship's residence. The nobleman himself walked home having pocketed six hundred pounds by his feat.

Original.

TYRE.

BY JAMES M'CARROLL.

On the spot where now's scattered the fisherman's home,
Stood the rival of Carthage, the rival of Rome;
But, how vainly we seek in its shade, to behold
E'en a trace of the greatness that marked it of old;
Long locked in the merciless grasp of decay,
For ages its ruins have moulder'd away.

'Tis the curse of Omnipotence, rests on thee,
Tyre!

Eternally plunged in the gulf of his ire,
One glimm'ring of hope, is forbidden to shine
Thro' the gloom of that terrible sentence of thine;

The flame of thy glory, extinguished at last,
Thou shalt wither forever, a wreck of the past!

Say where is the flash of the Syrian gem
That hung upon Ithobaal's diadem,
When, in purple and gold, all your princess
bow'd,

As he pass'd with a shout thro' the shining
crowd?

'Tis fled with the gleam of the treasurer untold,

That built up thy Temples, and Idols, of old.

Or, where is the broider'd Egyptian Sail,
That unbosomed its beautiful hues to the gale,
Till thy Gallies, stretch'd out o'er the ocean at
Even,

Seem'd the fringe of the golden ting'd drap'ry
of heav'n

Or the shores of some far distant fairy Isle
That Glitter'd away in the sun's last smile?

All are gone! and the voice of thy mirth is no
more;

The Sidonian's song, and the Bashan oar,
The Chariot the horsemen, the Grecian slave,
The wealth of the mine and the Indian wave,
The Grammadim's strength, the Arvadian's
tread;

Are things that have long passed away with
the dead!